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Vol. III.—No. 114. MANCHESTER, Saturday, OCTOBER 15th. Price One Penny.

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AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON LIFE INSURANCE.

(From "Ab-o'-th'-Yate's Life Policy.")

(Continued from our last.)

If his wages amount to a sovereign, and he feels pretty sure that no "abatement" will be made, he is about one of the happiest men on earth. The miserable, debt-contracting "swell," on three hundred a year, is a pauper in comparison; and as the latter looks down from the knifeboard of the passing 'bus upon his neighbour who is trudging it on foot, he feels that there is brighter sunshine on the path than is allotted to more exalted places. To Ab o'-th'-Yate belonged this distinction. Had a thick cloud obscured the sun's face, there was enough of brightness on his own physiognomy to make a spring morning of everywhere about him. The wallet, tied in a graceful bunch, that nearly reached his hat, seemed a part of its owner, and winked and nodded—did everything but speak to passers-by—and was especially demonstrative to Ab's particular cronies, whenever one happened to give the hail-fellow in the true Hazelworthian style. Clean shaven was the genial fellow, and shirted to within a few inches of extinction. The bow on his neckerchief looked in the distance like a huge posy of many-coloured flowers; and his hat had such a decided inclination towards his right shoulder (he carried the wallet on his left), that it was a wonder how it kept its place, especially when it had to be made the medium of saluting an acquaintance. Never were the ribbons at the lower extremities of his "Sunday short-legs" in half so gay a flutter; nor ever did the stockings they were supposed to embellish, and which were of the orthodox light blue, seem more thoroughly alive to the fact that they did not clothe degenerate legs. Ever and anon did the proud owner of these perambulators look down at his loudly-creaking shoes, as if they were new friends, whose acquaintance he had not yet properly made; then jerk out his knees in a dancer-like manner, and go jauntily on his way.

No man was better known on the road than Ab. Scarcely an alehouse could he pass without a nod or a shout of recognition being given by some one within. The 'bus-driver touched his hat to him, and broadened his face into a grin as he passed; and the carter, sauntering by the side of his slower vehicle, waved his whip, and said, "How do?" in a manner that betokened the liveliest interest in the state of our friend's health. The gossips, standing at their doors, asked news of him. The paviors, always glad of an excuse for stretching their backs, had ever some new tale or anecdote to tell him; and the "tow-bar chap" would cross from his porch, jingle the copper he held in his hand, and confide to him the last new rumour that had been scraped out of the social gutter. But this morning these road acquaintances were more than usually demonstrative. They gave more distinct nods, called in louder voices, questioned more importunately, told better stories, and made such general ado as caused Ab to wonder if they all knew the *particular* errand he was bent upon.

Notwithstanding that our friend was as brisk as a newly-washed morning, when the sun is making winking-schools of trees and hedges, it took him a longer time to get to Manchester than he was accustomed to allow for such a journey. He must just look in at his favourite house of call, and have one "gill," and a piece of toasted oatcake, to keep up the lustre of his face. He had set out early, and would still be in good turn for being "fitted," supposing other weavers had not a similar inducement for being forward with their business. So into "Pepper's" he darted, and ordered a whole "pint" before he bethought himself of what he was doing.

(To be continued.)

LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.

A series of biographical and critical sketches of eminent authors, under the above title, is now in course of publication in the *Sphinx*. The following have appeared:—

1.—Alfred Tennyson.
2.—Anthony Trollope.
3.—Algernon Swinburne.
4.—Mark Lemon, of *Punch*.
5.—Lord Lytton.
6.—Charles Lever.
7.—George Grote.
8.—George Augustus Sala.
9.- Hepworth Dixon.
10.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
11.—John Ruskin.
12.—Henry W. Longfellow.
13.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.
14.—Charles Dickens.
15.—Benjamin Disraeli.
16—T. W. Robertson.
17.—Thomas Carlyle.
18.—Charles Reade.
19.—Charles Kingsley.
20.—Victor Hugo.

BEN. BRIERLEY'S READINGS.

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MR. FOX TURNER AND THE CITY COUNCIL.

NO municipal incident of recent date has caused so much interest as the appearance of Mr. Fox Turner as a candidate for election to the City Council. We ourselves heard the rumour of his possible appearance in that character a week ago, but we didn't believe it, and we can't credit the reality even now. It is all very well to picture to ourselves the genial humourist fluttering the municipal Volscians once a month in the Council Chamber; but fancy, if you can, the self-same humourist (as a member of the Nuisance Committee) plodding for hours among the foul alleys and back-yards of Ancoats and Angel Meadow, or sitting a whole evening to adjudicate upon offences committed against the Hackney Coach bye-laws. Our imaginative powers, we must confess, are insufficient to enable us to realize such a consummation. Treating Mr. Turner's address simply as a manifesto, we cannot do better than save from the ephemeral pages of the daily newspapers the following striking passage :—

My views as to the management of a great city like ours are very materialistic. Fortunately for us, Mr. Forster has saved us much further trouble in the upper regions of municipal exertion by his Education Bill. I think we should now try to meet him by endeavouring to carry out vigorously those sanitary measures which the artificial collection of human beings in cities like Manchester imperatively requires. With Mr. Forster's bill at work, if I were asked what I would further do with our street arabs, I should say, "Wash them." Unless we do this, and control somewhat the character of their dwellings, I fear the Education Bill will be for them a dead letter. People who are almost compelled to herd together like swine, and to eat, so to speak, with one foot in the trough, will never believe either in the Gospel or in anything else that is good. The doctrine that we are of the earth earthy does not need illustration superficially, either on our skins or in our habitations, nor is it necessary, in order to show that we are a free people, that a volume of liquid manure, marked on the local maps as the river Irwell, should roll alongside our most crowded settlements. A community whose love of clean water has induced them to go to the expense of tapping the moorlands 20 miles away, and leading the crystal blessing over hill and dale all that distance, is most inconsistent when it permits such a feat to be counterbalanced by the horrid pollution of the Irwell. These are a few special opinions which I have thought it right to communicate to you. On the general question I would say that city councils, like every other free public body, are pretty much akin to the people they act for, and that gentlemen who sometimes complain of the paltriness or self-seekingness of these councils are really unconsciously reproaching themselves. Theoretically, municipal institutions are clearly good, and if they be not practically so, it is a reflection upon those who desire to reap where they have not strewn.

If Mr. Fox Turner is in earnest—if his very admirable address is something more than a mere manifesto, and he means to go to the poll—we shall be honestly delighted to give him every assistance in our power. He has a rare capacity for the office, if he cares to use it. He is an admirable and most attractive speaker; his mind—the reverse of the Philistine mind—is open to the reception of new ideas; his quickness of perception and common-sense amount almost to genius; his seeming cynicism and lightsome humour cover very earnest and strong convictions; and with all these attributes he combines a fresh and powerful intellect and a moral courage that are unhappily becoming rarer every day amongst our public men. What might not such a man accomplish in a corporation that is hopelessly sinking into the rut of routine, and stagnates for want of the vigour and energy of youth? Nor is it any derogation on the part of a gentleman of Mr. Turner's *calibre* to accept an office which—doing the duty that lies nearest to us—is capable of being used to great purposes and noble ends, and which, in times past, has not been disdained by such men as Richard Cobden and Alexander Kay.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY BALLOON POST.

OUR special correspondent, who has been shut up in the beleaguered city of Mancunium for some weeks, has forwarded to us a letter by balloon, written upon a paper shirt collar, which had evidently been turned and worn for several days previously. Instead of ink, he appears to have used a sort of mixture of gunpowder and the river Irk, which makes a good substitute. He had a large supply of Lyon's inks with him, but they fell into the hands of the enemy in one of the early battles. The following is a portion of his letter :—

Mancunium, October 12th.

The city is now invested by the Philistines, and a cordon of smoke, stench, and poisonous gases is drawn completely round it. The death rate is alarmingly high, and the smell from the dirty fosse or ditch which passes through the city is, at times, intolerable. Heavy rain fell during the whole of Friday night and on Saturday, and never ceased until six o'clock on Sunday morning. The ditch rose to an alarming height, and in several places overflowed its banks. Peel Park, the Adelphi, Salford, and portions of Lower Broughton and Strangeways were flooded, and much damage was done. It is exactly four years since the great flood occurred, and the rain fell and the water rose on Sunday as if in mockery of the proceedings of the last Salford Town Council, which, in conclave assembled, came to a decision on the best plan of "how not to do it" themselves, and how to hinder anyone else doing anything to prevent another disaster. Councillor Walmsley very sensibly proposed that they should apply to the Home Secretary to appoint a competent person to inspect the river, and to report upon the best method of preventing floods, and to furnish an estimate of the probable cost of the necessary works. This proposal was rejected, and matters stand precisely as they did in 1866. Afterwards, the same sapient body had rather a pleasant little rumpus among themselves regarding some alleged jobberies which had taken place, Councillors Harrison and Mottram making some awkward revelations about work having been preferentially allotted to relatives of members of the Corporation, if not to Councillors themselves, under fictitious names. Finally, by a miserable majority of twenty-one against eighteen votes, in very questionable taste, they offered the mayor a sum of money, not exceeding three hundred guineas, provided he would serve a third year, one senator coolly designating the paltry sum as "payment for the mayor's three years' services," and another interpolating the remark, judging, we suppose, from his own feelings, that he supposed the money was required "for feasting purposes." Alluding with some warmth to the mode in which the proposal had been made, and the grudging disposition of the Council, as shown by the narrowness of the division, Mr. Davies very properly, and in the most manly manner, declined the proposal, and pretty plainly intimated that he should be glad to wash his hands of the whole concern.

Your correspondent is now allowed full liberty to go wherever he likes, provided he keeps within the lines. He got into trouble, however, one day last week by going within the barriers of the Stock Exchange without a pass, when he was immediately seized by the outraged brokers, and shut up in the cellar beneath. However, having established communication with a friendly old applewoman at the window grating, he sent for Captain Palin, who got him released, after having paid a fine of a dozen of champagne to the brokers.

The Bishop has been doing immense execution with his mitrailleurs, and has swept away whole battalions of superstition, cant, ignorance, and humbug of all sorts. On Sunday last, at the outpost of Radcliffe,

he made a terrific attack upon the luxury, frivolity, extravagance, fanaticism, false trading, light weights, short measures, and indulgence of the age, and uttered a timely warning. As might have been expected, some people accuse the Bishop of latitudinarianism, and of aiming wide of the mark. This is quite a mistake, for although he is in favour of all the battalions closing their ranks and sinking their non-essential differences, he is a strong advocate for his own weapons of attack and defence. He is equally skilled in close fighting as in the use of artillery, and is a firm believer in the armour of St. Paul, "loins girt about with truth, the breastplate of righteousness, feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit." Such armour is very efficacious against the common enemy. The bishop has invented a new gun or can(n)on, or rather altered an old one. This has been named the Bentley canon, and is placed in position, as before, at St. Matthew's, Campfield. It formerly did good service at the time when the Free Library was formed. The gun is easily worked, is lightly loaded at the breeches' pocket, and there is no "screw" attached to it. The Bentley is decidedly popular with the army, and at the conclusion of the war, they would gladly consign it to the Cathedral for safe custody.

Provisions are abundant in the city; but the price of butchers' meat remains unaccountably dear. Partridges are tolerably plentiful, and moderately cheap; but oysters have reached a fabulous price. Quarter-master-general Page and a foraging party have made a vigorous raid upon certain rascally vendors of diseased meat. Several prisoners were captured, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and summarily shot. All poisoners and malefactors of this description will be disposed of in a similar manner. The medical *Press and Circular* has issued a manifesto warning the citizens to "exercise discrimination in the purchase of pork sausages, if they wish to guard against parasitic diseases, or save themselves the suffering attendant upon diseased and unwholesome articles of food." The medical *Press* asserts that, "as a rule, the most inferior descriptions of pork are used in making pies and sausages—pork, in truth, that could not be exposed for sale in shops without incurring the risk of seizure and fine." The same paper also alleges that both in Ireland and England the entrails of animals are used in large quantities for the manufacture of sausages, and that they are exported largely from Belfast to London. Compared with this, horse and donkey flesh is a luxury. The siege of Smithy Door Market has been raised, and black puddings and mushrooms are abundant.

General F. B. Egan is organizing a third army corps in Bridge Street. It is to be called the Queen's Own, and will take the field on the fifth of November. The objectionable and senseless firing of squibs, rockets, and crackers in the public streets on Guy Fawkes's Day ought to be put a stop to. The custom invariably leads to accidents, frightens horses and delicate women. It is an absurd and barbarous custom; it is of no earthly use, and a mere waste of money. On Saturday evening last, both the Theatre Royal and the Prince's were besieged by a numerous force, which attacked the pit and gallery doors long before the appointed hour for opening. As early as five o'clock, the attacking party took up a position outside, and although the rain fell in torrents, which drenched the troops to the skin, they stood their ground without flinching. On the arrival of the check-takers, the doors were opened, the pit and galleries were stormed in a twinkling, and the stalls and upper circles taken by assault. General Knowles's face was effulgent in Peter Street, and King Calvert's marshal indulged in a champagne "do." Numbers of the soldiers stripped their soaking coats, and sat the performances out in their shirt sleeves. King Calvert is most tenacious of life, as he gets killed, to all appearances, every night, but turns up again on the following evening as vigorous as ever. Owing to the immense slaughter of white horses they have risen rapidly in value. On the last night of the performance of King Calvert the First, a grand banquet is to be given to the *corps dramatique*, at which the King and the Earl of Belton will sign a treaty of peace. White Surrey will be sacrificed and eaten upon the spot. At the Royal Theatre of War the enthusiasm of the troops in the pit and galleries is unbounded, and the Shan Van Voght is sung nightly. Next week the Italian contingent will take the field.

TWO OF SWIFT'S MAXIMS.—Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. When a true genius appears you may know him by this sign—the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

THE REV. JAMES BARDSLEY IN HULME.

THE Rector of St. Ann's has lately been lecturing in a Co-operative Hall in Hulme. Whether he really understands the subject—"The Church of England"—upon which he undertook to enlighten his audience may be open to doubt; there can be no question whatever, we imagine, as to the good or bad taste of many of his utterances.

The system of the Church of England is essentially parochial. Each good churchman will attend his own parish church, and each good clergyman will avoid enticing his neighbour's sheep. It is also a matter of etiquette, nay even of ecclesiastical discipline, that all clergymen should respect their brother-clergymen's parishes. A bishop can inhibit any clergyman from taking duty in his diocese, and a rector or incumbent can likewise command the inviolability of his parish. The spirit of the law is binding on a gentleman no less than the letter. Mr. Bardsley knows well enough that he dare not invade the parish of St. John Baptist in his ecclesiastical capacity; but he, contrary to the plain spirit of his ordination vows, does not hesitate, weakly imitating that firebrand Murphy, to endeavour to stir up strife and division by means of a sensational lecture. Mr. Bardsley once most solemnly swore "to maintain and set forwards quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people." How he keeps his oath those who hear him most best know.

The rev. gentleman lectured on "The Church of England." Now, we, ourselves, hold a catholicity broader far than that bounded by the creeds of any visible church or sect. On this account, as outsiders, we can the more critically and impartially measure by their own standards those who preserve standard measures. The Prayer Book and its rubrics, the Articles of religion and sundry canons are the standards by which the Church of England measures the orthodoxy of her children, and to these Mr. Bardsley always loudly appeals. But between his profession and his practice the gulf is wide indeed. On this occasion he said, "You must insist upon the formularies (*i.e.* of the Church of England) being carried out," and these orthodox remarks were greeted with cries of "hear, hear." Yet there is no single formulary which Mr. Bardsley himself carries out in its simplicity and its integrity, nor is there a single formulary in the Prayer Book which, if carried out to its full legal integrity, would not arouse the indignation of the very persons who so ignorantly uttered these self-same "hear, hears."

Mr. Bardsley, too, must fling unchristian names on the beautiful little church at Brooklands, and its late appropriate harvest festival. "It reminded him more of a Pagan temple than a Christian place of worship." On, or in Mr. Bardsley's own church, the Christian symbol is conspicuous by its absence, and the church itself—the unsightly edifice in St. Ann's Square—is built on an avowedly Pagan model. The three-decker hides effectually all sight of the table on which is placed the very essence of Christian worship—the "holy mystery" of communicating the flesh and blood of the founder of Christianity. The few poor, too, who attend, are put conspicuously in mind of their low estate by being thrust into common benches. The Gospel where St. James gives his opinion of this odious custom is read once or so a year; but Mr. Bardsley knows better, it seems, than antiquated St. James did.

In one particular we quite agree with the reverend lecturer. Like him we "are not so hopeful of the Church of England as other people are." The condition of St. Ann's, St. Mary's, St. Matthew's, St. Simon's, St. Peter's, and several other parishes in Manchester and Salford, is sufficient to warn us against any very sanguine or enthusiastic views. Sheep without shepherds, or, rather, hireling shepherds, non-resident clergymen who prefer sweet air, green fields, and Southport six days out of the seven, do not harmonize with the following passage from the ordination service:—"Have always therefore printed in your remembrance how great a treasure is committed to your charge, for they are the sheep of Christ, which He bought with his death, and for whom He shed his blood. And if it shall happen the same Church, or any member thereof, to take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, ye know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible nature of the punishment that will ensue."

The next time Mr. Bardsley can spare from his onerous parochial duties we hope will be spent in the invasion of some of his neighbours' parishes a little nearer home than St. John Baptist's—that is if he need go out of bounds at all.

BOXING.

2.—ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

WHILE passing through the earliest, but most important stage of learning to box, namely, hitting out with the left, the learner will find in himself an irresistible tendency to spin round and round his teacher or friend. The more he hits, the faster round he goes. The giddy motion may even compel a truce until his head ceases to swim. If uncorrected in the noviciate, this fatal error will cling to him and prove ineradicable. To catch an easy balance, and a firm position, the boxer must stand, when at actual work, with his weight poised principally on his left foot. Let him stand on that foot alone, with the right raised from the ground. Then let him set down the right. Naturally he will set it down a little to the right of the point at which the line drawn through the centre of gravity touches the ground. He will be thus able to feel his feet bite the ground. The left leg will be then slightly bent forward at the knee. Photographs or prints of celebrated boxers in attitude are not to be taken as models, for naturally these stand at ease when not in action, with the strain taken off the left leg and foot, and the weight distributed equally on both feet. The learner must therefore keep his feet one on each side of the line drawn through the centre of gravity. In stepping in to hit he will find that, instead of advancing his left foot straight forward, he will somehow turn it inwards. This brings both feet in a line; and, to prevent overbalancing, the right is sent out laterally. So he goes on, the left going in, the right going out, and consequently he himself going round and round. To avoid this he must advance his left foot straight out, or even slightly to the left, taking care in stepping back for the recovery, to keep his right foot to the right. All these points of detail must be attended to with precision at first, for on them depend not only style but actual effectiveness. A good teacher ought to make his pupil advance and retire along one line, and at once check all circular tendencies.

At the risk of overwhelming him with minor canons, the learner must, as an essential to attack, be taught how to hold his gloves. There is but one sure way, and it is also the best. The thumb and forefinger are held exactly as if a pinch of snuff were between them. The hand is rigid, and turns slightly inwards, so that the force of the blow may be deadened by that part of the glove where the padding is thickest over the knuckles. If the hand be not half-shut as described, finger-ends are always threatening an opponent, and not unfrequently dislocate themselves instead of aiding in dealing a harmless blow. When the blow lands, the fingers should only turn half or three-quarters up, not wholly, as in fencing.

It has been already noticed that the hand should never be higher than the shoulder or lower than the waist. Many seem to think that they should bring down a blow with the high action of Willsher or Mr. Absalom delivering one of their round-handers in a cricket match. This must never be done even as a variation, although an ambitious handbook recommends it. In the first place the blow must always be short and ineffectual, in the second, always be foul and disqualificatory, because the inside of the hand will strike the opponent's face. A boxer should always feel his blow lift when it lands, and force back his opponent from his position. Therefore it must be delivered off the left breast. "Straight out from the shoulder" is almost a popular fallacy, and ought to be read "straight out from *under* the shoulder."

The principles of attack are easily summed up. Wait for an opening; disguise the advance of foot and arm; let hand, foot, and body go all at once like lightning when the opening comes; and let the recovery be instantaneous. And now for a word of importance about the left arm. The left hand must never be still; it must be kept going gently forward in the direction of the opponent's throat, and be as gently drawn back to the shoulder. It is a slow, piston-like or sawing movement, a perpetual description of slow, irregular, and circumscribed ellipses. A keen eye can always detect an intended blow by the drawing back of the arm to the shoulder. This must be disguised, and the above motion disguises it effectually. The hand is continuously at the left breast, ready to be sent out without sign or warning. But the piston-like motion must never be quickened before a blow. The blow must be a dart out of the hand from the shoulder without previous aim or preparation. Weight and reach are given to it by the forward movement of the body, and "lift" by the upward direction. The arm then must be kept ready for a sudden dart, while the left foot is edging forward, or endeavouring to get within reach imperceptibly, or by surprise. It is advanced and drawn back slowly or quickly, it feels its way, it manœuvres, until the eye, which has never been off that of the opponent, sees a chance, and an attempt is made. But, by all means, never rush in. A rush in is a plunge into certain trouble. It means running the face against a stone wall. It is a wild abandonment of position, of weapons, of coolness, of prospective aim, of everything. It ends in defeat, disgrace, punishment. And never let the head droop forward, or the eyes shut. These warnings, however, will be best clinched by experience. The learner will own their truth even with tears.

The third canon of boxing may be laid down thus: Never avoid a blow, but always meet and guard it. It is in the crudest rudiments of defence that most aspirants to an acquaintance with boxing break down. They may be able to hit out fairly, but when attacked they flounder into a bewilderment of confusion, lose all nerve, and offer to an opponent only a helpless target for his blows. The tendency of the majority even of boxers of repute and ambition, is to bend back the upper half of the body suddenly from the trunk to avoid the coming blow. Consider the position they are thus placed in. A slight touch on the body will be sufficient momentum to send them on their back on the ground, while a blow of any force must place them hors de combat. The exposure is suicidal. Never, then, bend back. The body must be rigidly perpendicular between the feet and the shoulders. When retiring step back smartly with a springing step on to the right foot; when advancing, spring forward from it. The stomach must always be held well in, and the chest forward over it. Consequently the feet, toes, instep, and ancle, are constantly in use in boxing, and become light and springy, by being the sole media of movement. When stepping back, if retirement is compelled, be careful to throw the right foot well out laterally to the right, or a spinning movement, in the opposite direction to that already described, will be the unpleasant and disgraceful result. Like a fencer advance and retire in a straight line.

Always guard a coming blow with the right hand. The elbow held well down at the side acts as a pivot, and need hardly ever be moved from its place. The inside of the right hand, it will be remembered, is lying over the left breast. All that is required to guard the face is to turn the inside of the hand and forearm upwards. The mere semicircular movement required for this will bring the middle knuckle opposite the top of the nose. Then set the arm rigidly and stiffly, but on no account raise the elbow. It will be found that the arm is immovably set. No blow, no force of push, can make it yield back a fraction of an inch; but raise the elbow and that force is gone. The coming blow is received on the thick flesh-padded base of the out-turned hand; and the body is inclined forward simultaneously, and the right leg set to meet it. The blow either glides off, past the side or over the top of the head, or it will be met by the full weight of the body. The blow of the strongest and heaviest boxer alive can never knock down a man who thus guards. If superior strength give superior lift, and superior bulk give superior weight to a blow, the utmost it can do is to cause a recoil without ever throwing the defendant out of his position. But so few, so very few, understand how to use their weight or strength, that the ludicrous sight of a great heavy man retreating awkwardly all over a room before a slim, light opponent is very common. Never, if possible, retire or retreat; stand your ground; guard with the whole weight of the body and the advantages are immeasurable.

In all hand-books, and by most teachers, you will be told to knock aside the coming blow. Do nothing of the sort, if you have any regard for your face or wrists. After a few rounds with a boxer who guards on this principle, next morning the right wrist and forearm will be bruised, discoloured, swollen, and disabled, while the attempt to knock aside the blows will have allowed many to slip past into the face.

The important step now to be taken by the learner who is anxious to gain a proficiency in boxing, is to have much practice in guarding, apart from everything else. The instructor must vary his tactics and hit out continually at him, making him guard the blows correctly, until wind or muscle give way. When he has caught, first, the knack of hitting out effectively, and secondly, the art of meeting and guarding the blows without recoiling or shrinking from them, he must be made to master the more difficult knack of combining these two preliminaries—of hitting

out and guarding simultaneously. The duplicate movement is puzzling, and there is a strong tendency to hit out with both hands at once, or to guard with both at once; but time, and a few taps on the cheek, will soon bring the ease of habit which will become an instinct. Keep strenuously to the rule, never to guard without striking out back, never to strike out without guarding, and above all, never to shrink from meeting a blow. The natural tendency is to step back, to avoid, to retaliate at all risks. But the education into boxing is, from first to last, a self-education in overcoming natural tendencies. Boxing is essentially an art. Every movement, every action is artificial, and must be acquired by practice. The piston-like, ellipse-describing action of the left arm, the combined movement of simultaneously hitting out and guarding, should be constantly practised in private; if before a looking-glass so much the better. It is then easy to see whether the hand be raised too high and too low, and self-correction will be much facilitated.

A learner ought always, when practising with a teacher or friend, to be careful about his temper, to be very cautious against foul hitting, *i.e.*, hitting with the inside of the glove, and never to attempt more than he is told. Neophytes, in the course of their initiation, are more dangerous to their instructors or friends than trained and skilled boxers. It is from eager novices that inconvenient and vexatious discolourations are received, which are the more vexatious because they look so much like the compensations of kindness and virtue's own rewards.

There only now remains to investigate and throw some light on the more complex, but the more telling half of boxing, viz., countering and hitting with the right. About these there is not merely a misconception, but a total and painful ignorance.

THE CRITIC CRITICIZED.

IN accordance with the wish of the Old Stager, who last week stigmatized so vigorously as "untrue" a statement that we never made, we give the original cast of *The Love Chase*, as performed at the Haymarket Theatre in 1837.

Sir William Fondlove	MR. STRICKLAND.
Master Waller	MR. ELTON.
Master Wildrake	MR. WEBSTER.
Master Trueworth	MR. HEMMINGS.
Widow Green	MRS. GLOVER.
Constance	MRS. NISBETT.
Lydia	MISS VANDENHOFF.

When we wrote our notice of *The Love Chase*, we had before us the cast of 1838, and criticisms founded on that cast. In that year Mrs. Nisbett, it would seem, did not perform the part. Miss Elphinstone assumed it. We admit having blundered in thinking that the 1838 cast was the 1837 one; but before a correspondent accuses us of an untrue statement, we do think that he should carefully consider what we say. We never stated on our own responsibility that Miss Robertson's performance was better than that of the earliest representatives of the part of Constance. All we said was, that that was the obvious inference from the criticisms; and as to Miss Elphinstone, we still adhere to our remark. We quite agree, or, very nearly, with our correspondent's estimate of Miss Robertson—who *would* have, excepting for her eyes, an inexpressive face—and we hope, full as much as he, that neither she nor her husband will be spoilt by excess of praise. To spoil the latter so, has never been a fault of ours. Indeed, we are surprised that so astute a critic as our Old Stager, should, for a moment class him, as an actor, with his wife. We cannot, though, agree with our Old Stager in complaining—as old stagers will—that "they are both young!" Miss Robertson's chief virtue, as an actress, is, that she combines that quality of youth—so rare amongst good actresses—with much stage knowledge. We are much obliged to both our correspondents for their observations. There is nothing that so keeps a critic up to his work as to be occasionally criticized himself. We are all of us apt to get a little too random in our remarks. A little of the curb chain now and then brings back that sense of responsibility which gets in time considerably worn off. In this case, the partial incorrectness of our observation arose from an error as to date: but we congratulate our readers that we have amongst them more than one Old Stager who is certain to pounce down on any error that we may commit. Infallibility we cannot claim: but we don't think that our old stagers will ever find us making such a blunder as to condemn as "untrue" a statement that has not been made.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

NEWSPAPER WRITERS AND THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

DURING the American war, we were afflicted with several phrases and words that vainly strove to get themselves naturalized here. As misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, so war seems to make us acquainted with strange words. Why else should a Newspaper's "own correspondent" write of French prisoners being "interned" in Germany, when he actually and merely means to speak of their being sent into the interior, or up the country. These foreign news-mongers, whether they have the pen of a Reuter or a ready-writer, invent so much in the way of facts, that they need not, we should think, endeavour to impale the language. If this goes on, we shall suspect they are trying to carry out the spirit of a startling announcement we once saw in a shop-window at Boulogne, "Here they spike the English!"

THE PROPHETIC NEWS.

The Manchester *Evening News* of Wednesday last accomplished a wonderful feat of quick reporting. The first edition of the paper, published at three o'clock p.m., gave a report of the Blackburn Market, which it described as flat, and prices lower. Now, as the Blackburn Market does not open until after the hour mentioned above, this intelligence does great credit to the enterprise and activity of our contemporary. The Cesarewitch race is over, but the Cambridgeshire Stakes will be run for in a fortnight, and if the *Evening News* will furnish the public with the winner before the race is run, the information might prove valuable.

MANCHESTER BANKS.

A correspondent, a Scotsman apparently, corrects a mis-statement which was more than once made in the series of sketches of the Manchester banks, with reference to the nationality of the late Mr. J. W. Gilbart. He says:—"Proud as we should be to claim him as a fellow Scot, justice compels us to forego such a claim, as Mr. Gilbart was of Cornish descent, and was born in London, and spent some years there in a banking house. His merit was that he could recognize the advantages of our (Scotch) system of banking, and could so readily adapt it to the requirements of English business."

THE CRUELTY OF WOMEN.

A little while ago a man was sent to prison for three months for skinning a live cat. But even that brute did not write a letter to the *Courier* to complain about his not being permitted to skin live cats in peace and quietness. Another animal, without any feelings save acutely selfish ones, has thought fit to write a letter to the *Courier*, because his sister was prevented by a considerate 'bus-guard, who seems to understand his duty, from putting into practice the pet barbarity of this savage. It appears that on the evening of last Friday—when the pouring rain had made the granite sets as slippery as glass—the lady mentioned, with the usual cruel inconsiderateness of her sex, had strenuously striven to prevail upon a Longsight guard to stop his 'bus just when it was ascending that severe hill opposite the soda-water manufactory of Messrs. Jewsbury and Brown. In the best of weather, it is a painful sight to see the slim-built horses used upon the Longsight route endeavouring to struggle up that piece of road. On no account should any 'bus be suffered to stop there, in any weather, for man, woman, or child. On this occasion, when the weather made the pull even more difficult than ever, the guard most properly refused to comply with the

lady's cold-blooded request. Whereupon, she having got wet, her brother writes a letter to the *Courier* which never would have been published by any reasonable editor save as a unique example of crass narrow-mindedness. As we have always given prominence to the misdeeds of omnibus conductors, we eagerly seize this opportunity of calling attention to the fact that there is one amongst them who does his duty in, at any rate, one respect. It is unfortunate that his virtue should have called down upon him inhuman abuse: and those who like to see good deeds rewarded by bad language, may thank the editor of the *Courier* for this spectacle. The correspondents' column of the *Courier* is an almost daily insult to common sense. We regret to see it become an insult to common humanity. We, as a man, are shamed by such an exhibition of male callousness, as is the letter we have spoken of. Women have a sort of prescriptive right, established by long usage, to be cruel. A woman may be pityingly pardoned for valuing a wretched bonnet more than the dictates of humanity. But a man who upholds her in her selfishness, should serve his three months with the cat-skinner aforesaid. We are glad to think that in the estimation of some men, humanity is of more account than a woman's frippery: but we fear that with the mass it is not. And when we behold the grievous selfishness and savagery of men, we can but sigh in wonder at the inscrutability of providence, which has put intelligent and docile animals so utterly in the power of animals which are not intelligent.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

A new fashion of head-gear has of late prevailed to an extent, we are sorry to note, for it is as objectionable on sanitary or physiological grounds, as it is on æsthetical principles. The dear creatures have lately hung a sort of curtain, or close-fitting, short white veil, from the front of the hat or bonnet down to the chin, and depending round the temples along the sides of the head for the same length. All the minute particles exhaled from the lungs are caught and retained by this net or sieve, the heat from the breath cannot escape, the accompanying moisture is condensed on the veil or on the face, and a portion of the already breathed air is breathed over again, much to the detriment of the breathing apparatus, where the actual life may be said to depend on the proper placing of a few air-bubbles. The brightness of the complexion is dimmed, the hair is made limp and curl-less (if there is such a word), the breath is—well, it is not sweetened, and tooth-ache and colds are now sure to follow. Well, but it is warmer, we shall perhaps be told. No doubt this is so, but at what cost is the warmth procured? If warmth really be the object, there are other ways of obtaining it, for it seems to show very little for the inventive genius of the milliner that, in the approaching inclement season, they cannot do more than equip their fair clients in the same microscopical chapeaux which served for the sunshine of July, or the warmth of August. As the imperial tire-woman has, for the time at least, relinquished her occupations of helping to govern France, and of setting the fashions, there seems room for some bold and original genius, who shall at the same time clothe the head and adorn its features. But this close-fitting veil, dear ladies, is the "very head and front of your offending!" Perhaps we are in error in calling it a "comforter," but whence com s this knitted-woollen affair, with final tassals which the ladies now wear in various devices about the throat or the shoulders, or both? Now it is tied in a plain roll around the throat, loosely spread wide open, with one end thrown back over one shoulder, like the corner of a stage-bandit's cloak; it seems principally in vogue among the demi-monde. We would ask all the respectable women to leave it to their exclusive use.

THE PAPER WORKS AND THE BROUGHTON NUISANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—When you know the real facts, I venture to think you will withdraw your criticism on the Broughton Grove Paper Works. The sewer you refer to is one of the many in our city which, through being unscientifically laid and constructed, requires periodical emptying. If the Paper Works were demolished to-morrow, the sewer in question would be blocked up with the same foul matter, in not one whit the less time than it has taken to block it up this time. The foul matter does not come from the Paper Works, but from the closets and sinks in Bury New Road. It is quite true the Paper Works occasionally pours offensive matter into the sewer, but it also pours in tons and tons of chlorine, which must contribute mightily to the disinfection of the whole neighbourhood. It is also true that grave complaints have from time to time been made against the Grove Paper Works, but it is also true that the proprietors have done and are still willing to do all that lies in their power to abate any nuisance, however trivial, which may arise from their works. Owing to the action taken by the Salford Health authorities, several thousands of pounds have been spent in the endeavours to abate so called nuisances. Finally, Mr. Editor, which would you prefer: a nuisance caused by the emptying of water in which dried grass has been boiled into a sewer cesspool, or one caused by the cess from closets and household filth?—Yours respectfully,

CARTE BLANCHE.

IN SEARCH OF A CREED.

6.—THE SWEDENBORGIANS.

DEAR SPHINX,—I quickly left Atheism to the gossamer logical paradoxes and victorious dilemmas with which it had shown itself so vastly amused. It reminded me much of the Man with the Muckrake and his straws, or a spider weaving long invisible threads. I still have my doubts whether the Apostle or his church—for the Atheists have a burlesque worship—derived more pleasure from them. But of this I am sure, that he derived the most profit. The hard, narrow, lurid fanaticism of unbelief which compels in its devotees a blinder, more headlong, and more inveterate credulity than the austerest faith, and which demolishes my consolations without being reconstructive, only quickened my quest. My mind swung round to the contrary pole. From Atheism I passed to Mysticism; from mere negation of creed to capacious faith.

I was attracted to the Swedenborgians by the grotesque harmony between extreme opposites which is discovered in the common fierce denunciations levelled to clinch their own confessions of faith by both these sects against the received Christian doctrines, dogmas, theologies, and creeds, especially the Trinity. The Atheists charge all the evils of civilisation on the Christianity of the churches. The Swedenborgians maintain that "there is not a single genuine truth remaining in the old church but what is falsified." There is all the innocence of earnestness in this sweeping condemnation, for how can that remain a truth which is falsehood? They maintain that such is the ruin and corruption of the church, that nothing short of a complete reconstruction of earth and heaven can give to flesh a chance of salvation.

But here, sir, they sweep off from each other into curves of infinite divergence. The Atheists see no interior significance underlying the harmony of nature and of the physical world; no universal soul in these, no particular soul in man, nothing divine, nothing spiritual, only a sandy sterile Sahara of material realities.

The Swedenborgians find in the physical world a vast cipher to be read with a spiritual key. To the natural is the garment of the spiritual. They find in every physical operation, force, or law, even the minutest, in every natural or material existence, object or particle, even the most trivial, an interior hidden resemblance, typical of some higher spirituality. They find every particular idea of man, every particular affection, everything connected with the living body to correspond to, or be used for, some spiritual truth; so far, that the very names of the former may be but controvertible terms for those of the latter. As Professor Owen, from a single tooth or claw will, step by step, evolve the unknown animal to which it belonged, nay, from thence reason out the economy of the whole animal system; so they find that from the smallest affection, the image and effigy of a man may be determined: a spirit be known from only one single thought, and from a single spirit-god. This is what they call the doctrine of Correspondences, or rather of Uses. So struck was I with this religion of symbolisms, which makes of the universe one vast harmonious intricacy of sublime, sensuous, ever-adoring, ever self-interpreting mystic ritualism, that I determined to examine the confessions of faith and of theory put forth by the sect which is its evangelist, and to group its tenets clearly in my mind before observing the illumination they shed on its worship and ceremonial. If, sir, I am tedious, if I lapse into somewhat of mystic obscurity, remember I am grappling with a creed which grapples with three universes—the physical, the spiritual, and the celestial.

The pivot of every religious system is its ideal God. Applying the law of correspondences or uses to man—man has a use—the Swedenborgians derive theirs. "God," they say, "is the GRAND MAN." The Saviour Christ, the Divine Humanity, as they call him, is the Almighty Lord, the visible God, corresponding to the body; the Creator Jehovah being merely the invisible soul, and the Holy Ghost their operation. They vehemently maintain the singleness of the personality of God, summarily close heaven to all Christians who believe in a Trinity of distinct Persons, and quaintly announce, with their usual innocence of earnestness, that all prayers not directed "to a Trinity conjoined in one Person are henceforth not attended to." This belief of the churches in a Trinity, as scheduled in the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, has been their ruin; and with the belief in redemption as consisting in the passion of the cross, in atonement, in imputation of the merit and righteousness of Christ, in justification by faith, in the resurrection of the material body, in original sin, in predestination, and such like fundamental errors, has brought the abomination of desolation into them, and left "not one stone of the Temple standing on another." Bazeilles is not a sadder ruin than the Churches to which Christendom and its colonies cling, and in which they repose their hopes, their consolations, and their faiths.

Hence, sir, the necessity of a New Church, and a New Heaven, if salvation is to be possible. Out of desolation comes reconstruction. The doctrine of allegorical correspondences—the theory of higher uses—unlocks out of the mystic chamber of the Revelations, the future of the Church, and of Humanity. They read spiritually what was written in spiritual ecstasy. The last judgment took place in the year 1757—that is of the spiritual world, not as unilluminated Dr. Cumming would understand it, of the material world. The Old Earth and Heaven that is, the old Church, passed away in that year of grace, to be triumphantly superseded by a New Earth and a New Heaven—that is, a New Church, the Church of the present and future, the Church of the Swedenborgians. Typically, it was detailed in the mystic description of the apocalyptic descent of the New Jerusalem, and this name they give officially to their Church.

Here, then, I am presented with a One True Church, worshipping a One True God who is a Divine Humanity. It has rejected all the old doctrines, but it clings to the Eucharist and to Baptism, claiming, however, to have found their real higher uses, to read their true inner spiritual meanings. It allows me freely to search intellectually the mysteries of faith, which the Old Church bade me accept blindly on trust, promising an elucidation of them as one of the glories and rewards of an everlasting joy hereafter. It allows me to worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience if I do it conformably to the external forms of its worship. It further tells me that the lightning flash of conversion, preached by the Revivalists is impossible. That regeneration is a lifelong, gradual process of education from sin to predominant love, of which repentance is the embryo commencement. That I have entire freewill in spiritual things, otherwise evil could be charged to God; and that miracles are nowadays impossible, as interfering with this freewill.

What, then, are its new doctrines? A vast spiral whose first huge convolute is material infinity, in ever narrowing wreaths, winds up through stages of elemental chaos, creation, life—of the animal, the human, the angelic economies, to one grand apex—God. From Him, as from a central spiritual sun, of which the material sun is a type, streams a light which is in its essence wisdom, and a heat which is in its essence love. All life comes directly from Him, by an influx through heaven, to all in the spiritual world, whether in heaven or in hell, or the intermediate state called the world of spirits, or in the natural world. At death—which merely continues life—man sloughs his body for ever, and, according to the predominant love of his life, becomes an angel in heaven or a devil in hell to all eternity. All angels, and all devils whatsoever, are not *per se* angels or devils—such beings were never created, but glorified or condemned human spirits. These good and evil spirits are constantly attendant upon every man, rousing his good or evil passions according to their natures, and by their competitions causing continual struggles and temptations. All men, however, have a varying capacity for regeneration, but must by their own wills determine to join themselves by reciprocation to the Lord.

I found myself quite charmed by the influx of spiritual detail to which I, for a time, surrendered myself. To be at once the perpetual object of competition between evil genii and guardian celestial angels and their battleground would add to life a new feeling and a new awe. The world of spirits, where the spiritual education is finished for an eternity of angelic or diabolical life, was a chapter of romance that read as if it had come fresh from the hand of Lazarus, recording his visit to hereafter. Since I first broke ground on the theologic archangels of the Paradise Lost I have never met with heavier sublimity than the simple account of the third or angelic world of the Swedenborgians. Heaven was never so artlessly enlarged into a detailed philosophical economy before.

I found the New Jerusalem of our city within bowshot of the Quaker Meeting House. It lies hid in Peter Street, and all round it there seemed to be raging a hot and close struggle of good and bad genii. In front, press on those regenerating angels, the new warehouses, supported by St. Peter's; while, like an Ithuriel or a Gabriel, the Free Trade Hall leads on the faint-hearted Museum. Foot by foot, all the worst devils of Manchester vice and Deansgate slums contest their advance in their vast, malignant, teeming, entrenched camp. Almost crushed between the two, I found a sprinkling of Swedenborgians in a sober, unspiritual chapel, singing unmystic hymns and praying set prayers from an unmystic liturgy, flavoured with their own doctrines. I revolt against a mystic with a tendency to corpulence, and I felt amid the loneliness of the pews as if the invisible evil genii were holding a triumphal silent carnival round me. A practical exhortation to be as a little child had only two points of merit—its own inherent illustration of childlike simplicity, and a quotation from Shakespere.

And now, sir, what is the sect which invites me to its mystic bosom? I find it to consist of about fifty small societies, and, curiously, half of them lie scattered over the south of Lancashire, while the rest are lost in the vastness of Great Britain. That mystic and spiritual side of the fervid character of weaving Lancashire, which has given its only home to this wonderful creed, partly, it may be, because its first translator was the Rev. John Clowes, rector of Higher Broughton; which has given birth to the Shakerism of America, and which welcomes to its breast every abnormal outburst of spiritual delusion, has never, I think, been rightly and physychologically studied. It is from this field that George Eliot has won her truest fame, that of vivid description of fervid character; and Silas Marner, in his early years, with a taste for butterflies and a platonic love for mathematics, would be the nearest approach to the thoughtful Lancashire weaver. I am sure that, as in New England, so in Lancashire, religious earnestness and morbid ecstasy will be found to have been strong elements in a character of which only the shrewdness and the grotesque humorous side have been explored. I leave the subject to Mr. Waugh and Mr. Hamerton.

Before I can accept a faith I must know on what it rests its claims. Then whence is this creed and *who?* Christianity is Christ. Mahometanism is Mahomet. This creed is Swedenborg, and Swedenborg is fifty goodly volumes, besides masses of unpublished manuscript. A man whose mind had an imperious sweep over science and philosophy, who was ennobled for his services to science, he conceived the idea that he could recast the philosophical and spiritual system of the universe. The creed he built up was the work of a genius, but it was a genius without force of character—cold moonlight, not a warm sunshine. On the Christianity of the Churches he brought to bear the rational acuteness of a Hume, a Descartes, or a Huxley; on the spiritual system which he elaborated, he lavished the wildest of Oriental speculation. The principle of conflicting Good and Evil he took from Persia, the doctrine of transmigration of souls from Pythagoras and India, the doctrine of angels and emanations from the Gnostics, added a spiritual theory of his own, and combined them with the ecstatic visions of Daniel, Ezekiel, and the Apocalypse. He solemnly declares, with an innocence of earnestness habitual to him, his followers, and the Celtic race, that as the Lord alone knew it, so not even an angel, but the Lord himself, communicated the explanation of the Apocalypse. All his volumes are written by the guidance of angels, in a state of spiritual ecstacy. But until I obtain infallible proof that he was inspired I must be content with St. Paul, whom he laid himself out to rival and eclipse. To the Epistles he denies the internal spiritual sense which he finds in the prophetic allegories of the Old and New Testament. There I seem to find the key of his gigantic scheme. St. Paul hints with awe at his mysterious ecstatical

visits to the seventh heaven, and is silent. Swedenborg is always in the seventh heaven, and voluminously garrulous of it. His colossal revelations cast all inspired teachers, and prophets, and divines into the shade. The doctrines of St. Paul are those which Swedenborg makes shocking, detestable, and monstrous, the professors of which he makes to be in his spiritual hell the most hellish of evil spirits.

Meanwhile Swedenborg is accepted by a few societies—mostly among the ecstatic Lancashire weavers—perhaps because his is the most audacious and exclusive of all creeds. St. Paul, however, is more and more the life and soul of the Churches. Until the stupendous claims of Swedenborg are proved to be grounded on truth, to me his ponderous spiritual revelations can be nothing more than the mystic opium dreams of a philosophic enthusiast: until then he is only the Arch-Spiritualist. The media through whom talk Byron, Bunyan, Wellington, or Plato, at a dollar a sitting, only poorly imitate the spirit-conversation which he holds with the departed great in his spirit-land. The trashy and unintelligible theories which their magazines and books have spread over America are hazy copies of his philosophy. Such is the fate of the Apostle of Mysticism! A caricature of the raptures and revelations which he thought specially vouchsafed to him of all men, and parodies of the system which he fondly believed crowned his lifetime, constitute the latest of morbid Yankee crazes, the vulgarest of Yankee swindles.—I am, yours truly,

PYRRHO.

DECLINE OF THE BROUGHTON CRICKET CLUB.

"Let us to billiards."—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE Broughton Cricket Club, the name of which has become an anomaly, has taken the cue from the Egyptian Queen, and, forsaking its early love, has betaken itself first to bowls, and now to billiards. The members of the D. O. B. C. C., as they fondly styled themselves, if not exactly in the days when George the Third was King, at least when the late Mr. John Earle and the president (in a white hat) were in the first eleven, have practically laid down the bat, and now only wear the willow round their hats. Successive committees of this club have long had a weakness for brass bands. They have laboured under a popular superstition that bands attracted ladies to their matches, and that ladies, who, of course, were admitted free, attracted the other sex, who paid for admission. This is an hallucination which we should imagine has long since exploded. At all events, the Broughton Club had several bands on the ground during Whit week, and nobody went near the place. People will go to see good cricket without the adventitious aid of tinkering brass bands, or, for the matter of that, without the presence of women either. It is not the band which attracts the ladies. You may put fifty bands upon a green, but if you put up a notice "no men admitted," we venture to say that the attendance of the female sex would be very scanty. It is an ascertained fact that women will not attend meetings confined to their own sex unless the entertainments consist of anatomical lectures, discussions about the Contagious Diseases Act, or something of that sort.

The Broughton Cricket Club closed a by no means successful season on the first of this month, not with a match, but with a concert and jollification. Ten years since the club took an adjoining field, and transformed it into a bowling green. From that day the decadence of the cricket club set in. As Capua proved fatal to Hannibal's army, so have the seductions of bowls and fogeydom proved too much for the morals of cricketers. The old have followed the course of nature, and the young have ceased to aspire. The cricketers are like the French nation at the present moment. They have neither an army, nor a general who can create one. Like Napoleon the Third, Mr. Payne, who has so long led his troops on to victory, and covered his club with glory, has virtually abdicated, and a provisional committee, full of the wildest projects, and which cares as much about cricket as a Frenchman does, reigns in his stead. After years of devotion and services of the most substantial nature, the president has all but withdrawn, from force of circumstances. The club is virtually without a figure-head, for with his numerous engagements it would be absurd to expect that the learned treasurer can take an active part in its management.

Since the closing of the ground for the season, the club—or rather, we should say, the committee, for the members were not consulted—has let the Pavilion to a portion of the members, who have transformed it into a billiard-room, where billiards, pool, and pyramids can be played during the recess, and refreshments supplied at prime cost. *Facilis descensus Averni.* From cricket to bowls was easy; from bowls to billiards still easier. Why not go a step further? Abolish the ballot box, take out a licence, and sell drink to all comers. Thus the club might make a handsome profit, and relieve itself of its alleged difficulties. If the object is to make money, the committee has a hundred ways of doing so. The ground may be let for many purposes; fireworks, open-air meetings, rabbit hunting, or pedestrian matches; but for heaven's sake let the club change its name. Why not utilize the pavilion still further, and use it on Sundays as a place of worship? An advertisement like the following would assuredly draw:—"On Sunday morning next, D.V., at twelve o'clock, for the convenience of late risers, there will be Divine Service in the Pavilion of the Broughton Cricket Club. The bell will commence tolling at half-past eleven, and the service will begin punctually according to cricket match time. The choir will be composed of the committee. The prayers will be read by two champion bowlers, the lessons by the billiard marker, and the communion by one of the first eleven. The sermon will be preached by a distinguished batsman, the subject of whose discourse will be the word, 'Stumped.' Hickton will officiate as clerk. Beer and short pipes allowed. A band will be in attendance. Ladies free; gentlemen sixpence each." Why, after that, St. Alban's would be nowhere, and Mr. Sedgwick might shut up at once—*Delenda est Carthago!*

HARROGATE.

HARROGATE, the Bath or Tunbridge Wells of Yorkshire, is a very pleasant place these grey and golden autumn days—grey mornings, golden afternoons; nevertheless, let the casual tourist in search of pleasure, who is compelled by force of circumstances to take his holiday so late in the year, accept a hint or two before he betakes himself to this autumnal resort. First, we would say, don't go alone. Secondly, don't go at all if you are in quest of excitement. It is a place of tranquil charms, very enjoyable in society, but somewhat irksome and a trifle *triste* to the solitary and diffident visitor. It is almost superfluous to say anything about the drinking of the waters; still we may abjure the unwary, whether healthy or ailing, to take them only under medical advice.

Harrogate can be reached from Manchester by the quickest train of the day in little more than two hours and a quarter. It lies on the eastern slope of the ridge dividing the valleys of the wharf and the Nidd, just where the spur of the hill trends towards or falls into the Vale of York. The village, for it is little more, stands at a considerable elevation above the sea, and to this position it owes the salubrity of its air and the dryness of its temperature. The strata beneath yield sulphurous and chalybeate springs. The sulphur springs are also saline, and of laxative and diuretic quality, while the chalybeate waters are tonic. The greater part of the town fronts the common, some parts of which have been planted with trees. Harrogate has a gossiping traditional history, mixed up with the fashion and novel literature of the earlier part of the century, and its associations carry one backward to a time when, before railways rushed through Yorkshire and broke the seclusion of its quiet nooks and corners, the world of fashion rumbled along the great north road in its old heavy coaches to this northern spa for the season, the same as it rumbled over the roads westward to Bath, to gossip, and to intrigue, to drink the waters and to talk scandal, to flirt and to gamble. That world, at the time we are speaking of, was a very exclusive one. It took up its abode at the Granby, the Dragon, the Crown, and the Queen, and within its charmed circles no city commoner was permitted to enter. Such was the Harrogate of the old three-volumed novel era—a sort of half-way house between London and Gretna Green,—a place where alliances were made and broken—where plots were conceived or worked out, which would have made the fortunes of Thackeray and Dickens. The Harrogate of the past is not the Harrogate of the present, and the visitor might stay there for the whole season now, without dreaming of the history which lies buried beneath the changes which time has wrought here as elsewhere. It has become modern in everything. Even the Granby, the Dragon, the Crown, and the Queen

have been renovated, and there have risen up in their neighbourhood a series of hostelries which are amongst the handsomest of modern watering-place hotels. The old-fashioned lodgings of half a century ago have given place to substantial terraces and houses. Even the Sulphur Wells have become the Pump Room, above the pretentious dome of which there basks in the burning sun a group of dolphins, which, having passed through a Darwinian process of selection and development, may now be considered as acclimatized to the air of this inland watering place. Harrogate has indeed wonderfully changed, and in its transmutation it has lost much of its former prestige and exclusiveness, but it has nevertheless improved, and is every year becoming a pleasanter place to live in. The season proper is a late one, but the exclusively late season which was so fashionable ten or twenty years ago, is being merged in the general season, which extends through the whole of the summer.

We have said that Harrogate is not a good resort for the solitary tourist. It is pre-eminently a place for parties—for society in some one or other of its varied forms, and for such it has rare attractions. Life is not turbulent or noisy here as it is at Blackpool, nor is it so still as at Lytham, or so monotonous as at Southport. The early morning promenades, the visit to the Pump Room, the mid-day drives, and the evening concerts, carpet-dances or balls, pass the time cheerfully, and with a kind of gentle stir which does not deserve to be called excitement; and to those who can find entertainment and amusement in a life of this sort, Harrogate has charms which can scarcely be rivalled elsewhere.

But it has other attractions. There is no striking scenery in its immediate neighbourhood, and within the ordinary range of the morning and evening strolls the visitor will find nothing picturesque or wild, excepting the precipice of Birk Crag; but there are many quiet field-paths in all directions, with fine views of the distant country, and here and there are delightful green lanes, guarded by luxuriant hedgerows, and rich in flowers. From the more elevated ground leading up to Harlow Carr extensive views are obtained of the Vale of York, and in ordinary weather York Minster may be seen distinctly with the naked eye. The Cheltenham and Montpelier Gardens also form very pleasant promenades, and as there is generally some good music, morning and evening, they are much frequented. The country in the surrounding district is rich in beautiful scenery and objects of interest. The valleys of the Wharfe, the Washburn, and the Nidd, are within easy distance, and they present some magnificent landscapes, full of contrast—of wood and water, of hill and dale, of moor and mead, of rock and scar. Following their various courses, the visitor may reach Harewood, Almescliffe, and Farnley; John O'Gaunt's Castle, Jack's Hill, and the Whernsides; Brimham Rocks, Bewerly Park, and Guy's Cliff; and he will find at each of these places much to interest and charm him. Then there are, within a short distance, Knaresbro', with its old castle and dropping well, and Plumpton, and Pannal, and Ripley—quiet, pleasant rambles for an evening's walk. For longer tours excursions may be made to York, with its world of history; Boston Spa, with its picturesque river scenery; Ripon, with its fine old minster; Studley, with its glorious old ruin of Fountains Abbey, noble trees, and beautifully laid out grounds; Hackfall, with its romantic glen; and Bolton, with its magnificent woods. He will be difficult to please indeed who cannot gather from these varied sources a few weeks' pleasant enjoyment and recreation.

"KEEPING COMPANY."

THE venerable system of "keeping company," cherished by the lower classes in all parts of the country, seems in Lancashire to be an institution more generally adopted. To qualify oneself for the bar, it is necessary to eat a certain number of dinners; and here, in Manchester, it would appear that before marriage, it is necessary to take a certain number of solemn and rather stupid walks. Sunday afternoon is the time chosen, and the state of the weather is watched with a painful interest. A succession of wet Sundays must have a very sinister influence upon the matrimonial statistics; and this summer should, surely, result in the publication of the banns of marriage of such enormous length that even our proverbial British stolidity must revolt against it. In our estimation, nothing is more amusing than the observation of one of our principal streets or roads on a fine Sunday afternoon. The top of a Cheadle 'bus is a fine place for this observation; but we think an arm-chair before a second-floor window, a decanter within easy reach, and the contemplative pipe in the mouth, form a combination of circumstances more conducive to rational enjoyment than a comfortable stall and an opera-glass at a modern burlesque.

John and Mary, after a very early dinner, meet in the street as if by accident. The difference between them in dress and demeanour is very remarkable. Mary, who during the week has been assisting behind a bar or counter, is as well dressed as a duchess, and looks as if she were born to be well dressed, to ride in a carriage, and to possess a monstrously ugly pug-dog. Poor John, on the other hand, is evidently got up for the occasion. That frock-coat with the crease in it, that shining hat, those ill-fitting gloves, all are evidently only brought out once a week. In demeanour the difference is even more remarkable. Mary is smiling and confident—rather proud of having a well-dressed beau, although he may possibly think it the correct thing to smoke execrably bad cigars; but John looks decidedly sheepish, as if he were engaged in some conspiracy, and didn't half like the business. A pleasant smile from Mary, a dismal grin from John, and then they commence their pilgrimage. Heaven knows where they go to, and what they talk about. Our impression is that a thick tea in the country is generally the secondary object of their walk, the main object being of course matrimony in the end. Conversation, we believe, is of no importance whatever, and probably not half a dozen remarks are exchanged in half a mile's walk. Matrimony would almost be out of the question without these preliminary canters, and it would be downright treason to John if Mary should be found walking with any one else. Their conduct is highly decorous, and their conversation the same. Be it noted that they never allude to their male friends as "men," or their female friends as "women," but always as "gentlemen" and "ladies." In due time they are married. Goodness only knows upon what they live, or how they can daily provide that Lancashire meal—a thick tea; but they do marry, and John appears at the altar with the air of a man who is making an ass of himself. Mary is ever smiling and confident, with the air of a woman who has accomplished the end of a woman's ambition.

There is philosophy in these Sunday afternoon walks, and they are symbolical of the life which will follow them. Sometimes they walk in sunshine and fair weather, sometimes in storm and rain. They may have different wishes as to the direction and extent of those walks, as they will have differences hereafter. One must yield to the wishes of the other, as they will have to do when married; and from our window we delight in making speculations as to which of them will wear those nether garments which are being constructed as they take their walks. John and Mary look serious, and are above flirtation. They have a life of toil before them, but of solid happiness; and we can picture Mary, when the smart bonnets are a thing of the past, and the brown locks are grey, saying to the once sheepish youth, now an old man—

John Anderson, my jo, John
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

DR. JOHNSON.

The following interesting letter of Dr. Samuel Johnson has not been referred to by any of the great lexicographer's biographers. The letter is noteworthy, as the wish expressed in it seems inconsistent with the Doctor's reputed preference for London as a residence:—

"My Lord,—Being wholly unknown to your lordship, I have only this apology to make for presuming to trouble you with a request—that a stranger's petition, if it cannot be easily granted, can be easily refused. Some of the apartments are now vacant in which, I am encouraged to hope that, by application to your lordship, I may obtain a residence. Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favour; and I hope, to a man who has had the honour of vindicating his majesty's government, a retreat in one of his houses may not be improperly or unworthily allowed. I therefore request that your lordship will be pleased to grant such room in Hampton Court as shall seem proper to, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, Samuel Johnson, Bolt Court, Fleet-street, April 11, 1776." Endorsed, "Mr. Samuel Johnson to the Earl of Hertford, requesting apartments at Hampton Court, 11th May, 1776." The answer:—"Lord C. presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and is sorry that he cannot obey his commands, having already on his hands many engagements unsatisfied."

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BEST, 8d. per cwt. Carted one mile and a half.

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

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Private Boxes (to hold eight persons) £2. 2s. and £1. 1s.; to hold four persons, £1. 1s. and 12s. 6d.

N.B.—VISITORS to the UPPER CIRCLE can be admitted a quarter of an hour before the opening of the doors to the general public, by purchasing Tickets at the Box Office, Price 2s. 6d.

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Every evening at Seven; terminating at 10-40.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 17TH, 1870,

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The Great London Comique.

Re-engagement for Six Nights, owing to the immense success, of Messrs.

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Friday, October 21st, BENEFIT of the Sisters ROSINA and JESSIE, who will on this occasion be assisted by Miss J. McCambridge, and numerous artistes.

Doors open at 7-30, *commence at 8. Saturdays, half an hour earlier.*

Admission:—Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

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The world-renowned laughing Comic Vocalist, &c., whose success during his visit to this establishment last season was unlimited. Universally pronounced by the press and public the *par excellence* of Comiques.

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England's peerless humourous, and pathetic Ballad and Characteristic Vocalist, has been engaged at a great expense to appear in a series of her original characters.

Great Success of Prof. and Madame THOMAS
In their marvellous entertainment, introducing the great Sword Feat of cutting in two at one stroke a whole Sheep, and concluding with the great feat of
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By Messrs. CAPES & DUNN, at the Clarence Hotel, Spring Gardens, Manchester, on Tuesday, the 18th day of October, 1870, at three for four o'clock precisely, in 77 lots, or such other lots as may be agreed upon at the time of sale (the vendors reserve the right to withdraw any lots, or sell them previously by private contract), subject to such conditions as shall then and there be produced:

THE following Valuable FREEHOLD ESTATES, called Norbury Booths, Bellefield, and Park Farm; situate in the township of Over Knutsford and in the parish of Nether Knutsford, Cheshire, and lying close to the railway station, chiefly between the turnpike roads from Knutsford to Macclesfield and Chelford, and that to Holmes Chapel, containing 264 acres of land, well timbered, pleasingly undulating, with extensive and charming views of Alderley Edge, and park scenery of Norbury Booths, Tatton, Toft, and Tabley, surrounding seats of the nobility and gentry, and affording building sites well worthy the notice of capitalists, gentlemen, and builders, the lots having been so arranged as to suit the most varied requirements. The estates are situated within a short railway journey of the large and important towns of Manchester, Macclesfield, Stockport, Congleton, Warrington, and Northwich. Arrangements are being made with the railway companies for greatly extending the service of trains between the above places and the town of Knutsford. The Cheshire and several other packs of hounds meet in the vicinity during the hunting season, a favourite meet being at the Obelisk on the estate. Especial attention is invited to the fact that this sale offers the first opportunity which has for some years presented itself for securing eligible building land in the vicinity of the ancient, interesting, and county town of Knutsford. The land generally is of a rich light loam, on sand and gravel, and, being considerably elevated above the surrounding country, ensures the salubrity and healthiness of the estate, and offers every facility for drainage. Gas and water can be supplied to all houses erected, and machine-made bricks of excellent quality are made in close proximity to the estate. The building conditions attached to these particulars are intended to preserve the estates as first-class residential properties, and it is intended to restrict the class of houses to be built upon the land to superior private residences. Unusual advantages will be offered for payment of the purchase-money of the various lots, either by instalments extending over a term of five years or by the creation of chief rents, to be secured and redeemed within five years at twenty-two years' purchase. Possession of the land may be had immediately after the sale.—Plans, particulars, and conditions of sale may be obtained, in Birmingham, at the offices of the Midland Land and Investment Corporation, Limited, Waterloo Street; Messrs. Tyndall, Johnson, and Tyndall, solicitors; and Messrs. Bateman and Corser, surveyors; in Manchester, of Messrs. Sale, Shipman, Seddon, and Sale, solicitors, 29, Booth Street; Mr. S. T. Woodhouse, Manchester Chambers, Bridge Street; Messrs. Pennington and Bridges, architects and surveyors, Essex Chambers; and of Messrs. Capes and Dunn, auctioneers, Clarence Street, from whom any further information may be obtained.

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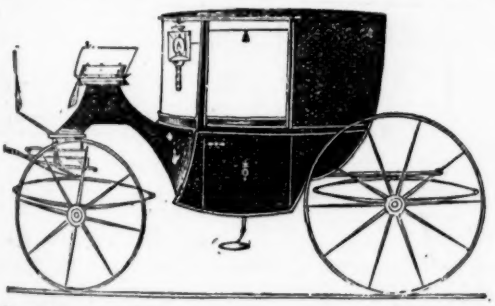

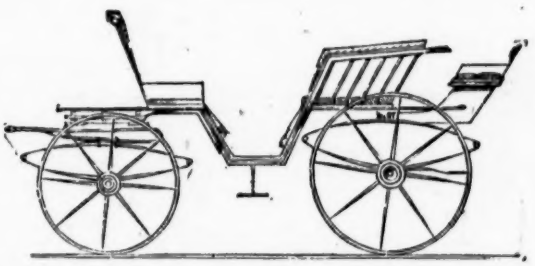

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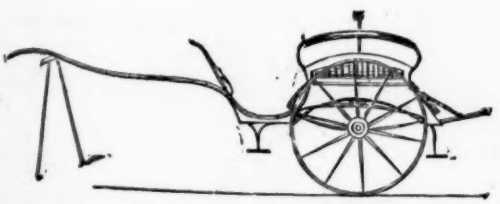

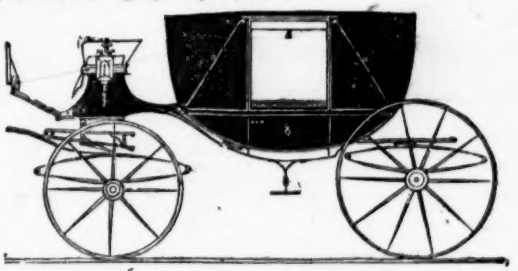

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Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester—Saturday, October 15, 1870.

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